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ALBERT GALLUP CUE 3 cop MRS W. M. Poser

Father of Modern Sunday Schools.

THE WORLD-WIDE WORK AND INFLUENCE OF MR. B. F. JACOBS—HOW THE INTERNATIONAL LESSONS ARE SELECTED.

The central figure in the largest religious movement of modern times is Mr. B. F. Jacobs, of Chicago, He is the originator of the uniform system of Sunday-school lessons which are to-day studied by more than 13,000,000 persons.

Mr. Jacobs is the guiding genius of the Sunday-school organizations throughout the world, which now include in their membership over twenty-two millions of teachers and scholars. He is president of the World's Sunday-school Convention; chairman of the executive committee of the United States; a member of the international lesson committee; and has been a Sunday-school superintendent for over forty years.

Mr. B. F. Jacobs is a prominent business man of Chicago, who, at sixty-four years of age, is as sprightly in body and mind as a man of forty. Though actively engaged in large business interests, Mr. Jacobs finds time to keep a watchful eye on the Sunday-school workers and problems in every quarter of the globe. A considerable portion of his time is devoted to travelling in this and foreign lands, attending conventions, committee meetings and conferences on how to keep the Sunday-school movement abreast of the times in every particular. He is aflame with enthusiasm for this institution, which is unparalleled in the world's history for rapidity of growth, and effective service to the home and the nation.

During an interview with a representative of 'The Ram's Horn,' Mr. Jacobs said that the recent criticism of the Sunday-school by an Eastern editor was laughable in its ignorance of the real facts. He said the Sunday-school movement has never been so prosperous as it is to-day. It is growing at the rate of 1,200 new scholars each day of the year. It possesses an organization more thorough in its working than any political body in the country. Fifteen hundred Sunday-school conventions, are held yearly in the State of Illinois alone.

The International Lesson Committee recently held its annual meeting in Chicago. At its close, Mr. Jacobs gave the following vivid account of how the lessons in the international series are selected:

'How are the lessons in the international series selected?' said Mr. Jacobs, repeating the question which had been put to him. 'The process is far more elaborate than is generally imagined by those who have any conception whatever of the work. To give a clear idea of the labor which goes into the selection and editing of the international lessons as they appear in the quarterlies issued by the publishing houses of the various denominations, let us go back to the appointment of the present lesson committee. This was made in the International Convention of 1896, held in Tremont Temple, Boston. The task before the fifteen members of this body was the selection of the lessons for the Sunday-schools of the entire Protestant world from the beginning of 1900 to the close of 1905. In the committee are thirteen men from the United States, and two from the Dominion of Canada. The first meeting of the committee was held in Philadelphia, in February, 1897.

'The first thing which a new committee attempts is that of determining the general scope and character of the lessons for the entire period to be covered by the series. This was done at the Philadelphia meeting, which marked the beginning of the present committee's labors.

'As a result of this first sitting, which occupied several days, it was determined that two and one-half years would be devoted to the study of the Old Testament, and three and one-half years to the New Testament.

'After the appointment of time between

B. F. JACOBS.

the Old and New Testaments was fixed, the earliest part of the period for which we were planning, was taken up. The first eighteen months of the six years were given a series devoted to a study of the life of Christ, the arrangement of the lessons being of a chronological character. This happy suggestion gave the key to which the entire course for six years was pitched. The modern tendency is to study history from the viewpoint of biography. Events cluster about great personages and having begun with the greatest character of all history, it seemed fitting and harmonious that the same line of selection should be held to the end. Therefore, the decision was made that the lessons should be arranged upon the basis of biographical study, alternating between the Old and New Testaments, at intervals of six months.

'The verses ultimately chosen for the lesson text are selected by degrees. It is agreed that a certain chapter should furnish the text of the lesson in question. Then the inquiry is put: What passages contain the very heart of this chapter? Next, the lines are drawn still more closely, and the selection of the Golden Text is made. This is one of the most difficult and exacting tasks which the committee has to perform. Each golden text must be high above all denominational lines, must contain the very soul of the lesson, and must be so clear and simple that it may come within the grasp of the smallest and youngest toddlers who attend Sunday-school.'—'Ram's Horn.'

The Origin of 'Just as I am.'

(By the Rev. Handley C. G. Moule, D.D., in 'The Record.')

The author of this world-known hymn, Charlotte Elliott, was born in 1789, and died in 1871. Henry Venn Elliott, founder of St. Mary's Hall, Brighton, and Edward Bishop Elliott, the author of 'Horae Apocalypticae,' were her brothers.

She was always responsive to the gospel of her home; but there were long periods in her young life when, partly, no doubt, as a consequence of weak health—for all along she was often an invalid—her faith and hope were bewildered and beclouded. Then Caesar Malan crossed her path. It was in May, 1822, at her father's home, Grove House, Clapham. He was made the messenger of God to her. Peace and joy in believing were unfolded to her heart through his private ministry, as never before. She reckoned that time of intercourse as a bright new era for all the rest of her days.

But ill-health still beset her. Besides its general trying influence on the spirits it often caused her the peculiar pain of seeming uselessness in her life while the circle round her was full of unresting serviceableness for God. Such a time of trial marked the year 1834, when she was forty-five years old, and was living in Westfield Lodge, Brighton. Her brother, the Rev. H. V. Elliott, was just then engaged on the plan of St. Mary's Hall—a school for the daughters of clergymen—and a bazaar was being held—a work which in those days carried with it no doubtful associations. Westfield Lodge was all astir; every member of the large circle was occupied morning and night in the preparations, with the one exception of the ailing sister, Charlotte—as full of eager interest as any of them, but physically fit for nothing. The night before the bazaar she was kept awake by distressing thoughts of her apparent uselessness; and these thoughts passed—by a transition easy to imagine—into a spiritual conflict, till she questioned the reality of her whole spiritual life, and wondered whether it were anything better after all than an illusion of the emotions, an illusion ready to be sorrowfully dispelled.

The next day the troubles of the night came back upon her with such force that she felt they must be met and conquered in the grace of God. She gathered up in her soul the grand certainties, not of her emotions, but of her salvation; her Lord, his power, his promise. And taking pen and paper from the table, she deliberately set down in writing, for her own comfort, the formulae of her faith. Hers was a heart which always tended to express its depths in verse. So in verse she restated to herself the gospel of pardon, peace and heaven. 'Probably without difficulty of long pause,' she wrote the hymn, getting comfort by

thus definitely 'recollecting,' the eternity of the Rock beneath her feet. There, then, always, not only at some past moment, but 'even now,' she was accepted in the Beloved—'Just as I am.'

As the day wore on, her sister-in-law, Mrs. H. V. Elliott (Julia Marshall, sister of Mrs. Whewell, Mrs. F. Myers, of Keswick; and the late Lady Monteagle, herself a true Christian poetess), came in to see her, and bring news of the work. She read the hymn, and asked (she well might) for a copy. So it first stole out from that quiet room into the world, where now for sixty years it has been sowing and reaping, till a multitude which only God can number have been blessed through its message. Through it the invalid believer has done indeed a work for her Lord; a work living and growing still, surely not to be completed till he comes again.

The hymn first appeared in print in 1834, in 'The Invalid's Hymn Book,' compiled originally by Miss Kiernan, and now rearranged by Miss Elliott. In 1835, it was printed, unknown to the writer, and without her name, as a leaflet. One of the first copies was given to her by a friend, with the words, 'I am sure this will please you.'

Among the numberless recipients of grace, mercy, and peace through 'Just as I am,' was Dora Quillinan, the lone and matchless daughter of William Wordsworth. In her last illness—I think in 1849—the hymn was sent to her by a friend. With hesitation, in her weakness, she allowed it to be read to her; but then said at once, 'That is the very thing for me.' At least ten times that day it was repeated to her. 'Now my hymn,' was the request each morning during the two remaining months; and she would repeat it after her husband, 'line for line, many times, in the day and night.'

A few years ago I visited for the first time the churchyard at Grasmere. On Mrs. Quillinan's simple headstone I found traces of that message; a lamb engraved on the stone, and beneath her name and date the text, 'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.'

May that hymn be to us all now, and to the end, 'the very thing.' And may our spiritual theology always find room for that vital part of it, sometimes strangely omitted, the stanza—

'Just as I am, and waiting not,
To rid my soul of one dark blot.'

A Missionary's Faith Tested.

(Remarkable Answer to Prayer.)

The life has just been published in book form of the late Mr. John Barnabas Bain, for some years a missionary in Spain, but latterly superintendent of the Liverpool Town Mission. We quote the following from it:

In the summer of 1873 Mr. Bain was married to Miss Isabella Wood, of High Head Farm, near Carlisle. In this noble woman he found a true helpmeet, who did much to make the great work in Spain a lasting success. Of these times and their trials Mr. Bain once told his Liverpool missionaries a characteristic story. The theme of the morning's study was the Lord's providential care of His people, and he illustrated it by narrating how on one occasion his wife and he had been working in a Spanish town, until called upon to leave for another place. Accordingly they proceeded to make arrangements for departing, told the hotel-keeper on what day they would give up their rooms, and hired the mules and attendants to convey them to their next field of operations. Nor were they at this time greatly concerned because they had no money, for their covenant God had always provided for their needs, and they were confident that He would not fail them. However, as the day drew near and no remittance came to hand, they were led to much prayer about the matter. The day of their departure arrived at last, but the remittance had not come. When Mr. Bain heard the postman's horn, he ran out to him and asked him if he had any letters for them. After looking in his bag, he told him there were none, and went his way; but Mr. Bain's heart nearly broke, and he wondered if he had proved himself unworthy of his Father's confidence. His good wife, however, refused to be thus cast down, and remonstrated with him on his want of faith. 'John! John!' she said, 'this will never do. We have been asking our dear Father for supplies, and are we to doubt His love? I won't anyhow! I mean to go right on with the packing, for I know that God is able to send us help, and I believe He will.' As she was speaking, a knock came to the door, and Mr. Bain, hastily drying his tears, answered it. He found the postman there, with his hat in his hand, begging a thousand pardons. He had an important letter for him, sealed with seven white seals, and had for safety put it in an inner pocket of his bag, and had quite forgotten the circumstance when Mr. Bain asked him if he had any letters for him. Mr. Bain took the letter, and was proceeding to open it, when Mrs. Bain took it from him, and said, "John, we must thank God for this before we open it. We have been dishonoring Him by our doubts: let us make amends by our faith now" When the letter was opened, they found it contained a draft for £25, drawn at sight—the only one he ever received in Spain so drawn.—'Christian Herald.'

A King Who Married a Policeman's Daughter.

King George II., of Tonga, who rules that little corner of the British Empire, has taken unto himself a wife, and his court is concerned, because the king, in defiance of the wishes of a large number of his people, has married Lavinia, the daughter of Kubu,

KING GEORGE II. OF TONGA, AND HIS ROYAL PALACE.

his Minister of Police. Tonga is the latest bit of Pacific territory to be joined to the British Empire, and the action of the king in marrying a policeman's daughter, is considered by some not in keeping with the dignity which should surround a court over which the Queen's flag floats. The story of Tonga is very interesting. Seventy years ago the Wesleyans were instrumental in converting the people to Christianity. The king set a good example by burning his idol-house to the ground, and sitting by the side of the preacher in the chapel. Schools were opened for the children, and books were prepared in the native language. An old boiler was struck to call the people to worship, and they came in thousands. The king was baptised, and five hundred people joined the church. In six years from eight to ten thousand renounced their heathen ways. Four thousand people attended a missionary meeting in 1838, at which the king presided. The meeting lasted six hours. On the jubilee of the introduction of Christianity into the islands, the king sent £100 from the thanksgiving fund to the Wesleyan Missionary Society in England.

King George I., the great-grandfather of the present monarch, was a zealous Christian, and often preached in the chapels. He was probably the only active Wesleyan king in the world. He was an ardent admirer of Great Britain, and even proposed to abdicate the throne in favor of the power he so much admired. Lord Palmerston, however, declined it with thanks. In 1879 and 1892, treaties of friendship were concluded between the two governments, and Great Britain accorded a limited jurisdiction over British subjects to the Tongan courts. Since then Tonga has become part of the British Empire, and the islands are of considerable strategic importance. King George II., known in the islands as Taufa'ahau, is very popular, but his recent marriage, to Lavinia has offended some of his most loyal subjects, while others are highly pleased at his condescension.—'Christian Herald.'

Ministers in the Ball Room.

Smart young men in a Missouri village, in making up the invitation list for a ball, included the name of every minister in town, never dreaming one of them would attend. At 10 o'clock, however, while the dance was in full swing, and was making a record as one of the most successful ever held in the city, Rev. T. H. Brigham, Methodist, and Rev. Frank Russell, Cumberland Presbyterian, both earnest opponents of dancing, put in an appearance. The music stopped, the waltz ceased, and while the merry-makers wondered, Mr. Russell produced a bible and commenced reading. When he had finished, Mr. Brigham dropped to his knees, signaled to the dancers to do likewise, a signal which many obeyed, and then offered up a fervid prayer for the salvation of the souls of the worldly young people. The services lasted half an hour, and practically broke up the ball. It is said no more invitations will be sent to ministers. And we prophesy that if more ministers had similar courage to carry the war for righteousness into the enemy's country, there would be fewer public dances to catch the feet of the unwary.—'Ram's Horn.'

Shining.

Are you shining for Jesus, dear one?
You have given your heart to Him;
But is the light strong within it,
Or is it but pale and dim?
Can everybody see it—
That Jesus is all to you?
That your love to Him is burning
With radiance warm and true?
Is the seal upon your forehead,
So that it must be known
That you are 'all for Jesus'—
That your heart is all His own?
Are you shining at home, and making
True sunshine all around?
Shining abroad and faithful—
Perhaps among faithless—found?

—Frances Ridley Havergal.

BOYS AND GIRLS

A Sunday Morning's Walk.

(By the Rev. David Donald, of Chittagong, Bengal.)

The object of our walk was to see Sat-a-Fru, at Pequa Choree. His house stands alone among the hills, apart from the homes of his Christian brethren, but that is all the more reason why we should go to see him.

I may as well take off my shoes at the start. Our first river is at our door. We must cross it; and the art in crossing at this place, is to wade into the middle, walk five hundred yards up-stream, and make for the other bank.

Just at the crossing a party of bamboo

THE PATH LEADING FROM THE RIVER.

cutters are piloting their long-twisting raft down towards the distant markets. They stare at my white shins. They are a polite people; but the white feet of a Britisher are the sight of a lifetime. These people rarely see an Englishman to begin with, and never, save on some unheard-of occasion such as this, see him without his shoes.

The path from the river lies up the side of a hill like a wall—it is just as wide at the top as a wall—and we have to totter carefully down the other side. Thick vegetation hides the sheer precipice at the side of the path, and saves us from fear and falls, but as I climb up I am so concerned in watching my steps, that I knock my head against a tree which has fallen across the path. The previous afternoon I had come in collision with that tree, and had said to myself: 'Next time I come this way I will be more careful; but sure enough the very next morning there are my head and the tree together again.

A gentleman who lives on the great Himalayas once asked me how high were the hills in our district. I replied they ran up to about eighteen hundred and two thousand feet. He laughed and abused me for calling such sand-heaps by the name of hills. But when you have them no more than two hundred or three hundred feet high, and have to cross half-a-dozen of them in a morning's walk, it is no joke.

Once over the first hill our path lies through the thick jungle. The bamboos push their long, shiny leaves into one's face. The grass and undergrowth is from six to twelve feet high. This is the path along which last night we fled with torches from the wild elephant.

From the bare top of the next hill we get a fine view of the surrounding country. 'Look, sir, there is the mountain of Sita.' I do look, and just at the moment my tender sole descends upon the sharp stub of a shrub bamboo. I forget the goddess and her mountain for the moment, but try to make a cheerful reply.

Now we have got down into a valley. Our path lies for a quarter-of-a-mile in a beautiful little brook. The water is cool, and the sandy bed not unpleasant. Here, as elsewhere, we have to climb over or creep under the great trunks of fallen trees.

A shout from one of our party on ahead intimates that he has descried a troop of monkeys. They are sitting on the trees away up on the top of the cliff, above us. Shouts from the monkeys give reply, and in a moment they are bounding from tree to tree. They scarcely seem to touch the branches as they pass, until one after another landing on the slender tops of the bamboos, they bend them towards the ground like a bow. These are large fellows, and quite at home leaping about up in mid-air.

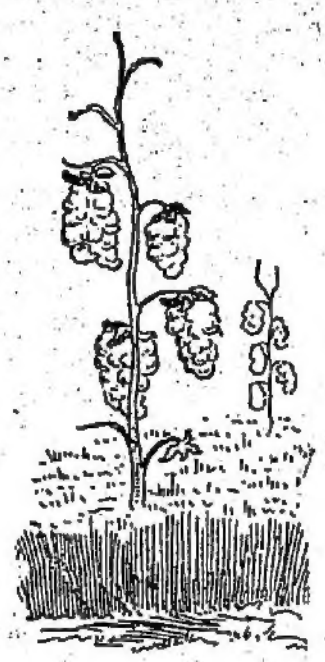
Just at this point a barricade has been built across the stream. The sluice is now open, and the stream above is filled with cut bamboos. When sufficient bamboos have been collected, the sluice will be closed, and the stream now only six to eight inches deep, will gather volume; then the waters will be allowed to escape with a rush, and the bamboo, floated by the deepened water, will be dragged to the river. The streams are the only way of access and exit to be found in the jungles.

Sat-a-Fru, they said, was not at home. He was believed to be in a distant village, building himself a new house. Nevertheless, I thought it well to visit his lonely dwelling. To reach his home we had to pass through his fields. Some cotton was

NATURE'S ROAD THROUGH HER FORESTS.

still standing, growing among the stubble of the rice, reaped a little while before, and interspersed with melon-like vegetables. He had a beautiful clearing, but they said he would have to leave it that year. The belief here is that the soil can only yield one year in five; so a man reaps his field for one year and abandons it for four years at least. Having just been reading up the subject of agriculture, I ventured to dispute this alleged necessity, but have no intention of trying to change popular opinion on this subject.

We had to creep round the side of the house to reach the front door. The whole of this little hill-top was taken up by the house and the rice-husking beam. On the slope the cotton was growing, and the op-



THE COTTON PLANT, WITH RICE-STUBBLE ROUND ROOT.

posite hillside was covered by a forest of young bamboos. To our surprise Sat-a-Fru was at home. He had returned to protect his house and family against the wild elephant rampaging in the neighborhood.

Lonely as was the house, we found Sat-a-Fru had three visitors. They were Mooroongs from a distance. The preachers sat in the cotton-bin and I on the bamboo floor. A text-card was produced, on which was written Sat-a-Fru's name, and the date of his baptism. The text on the front, telling the news of our great salvation, was explained, and then the card was hung up on the wall in the sight of all. The evangelist read and explained a passage, and we said together the Lord's Prayer.

Sat-a-Fru assured me he could read, but when I asked him to let me hear, he said he required a magnifying-glass to see with. I confessed myself ready to hear his reading by aid of the glass, but alas! his children had broken the magnifier and lost the pieces.

Under a hundred disadvantages our fellow-Christians here are trusting in our Saviour. How slow their progress in knowledge, and how many years it will be before they are skilful in the truth, it is beyond one's power to say. This be our joy, that their feet are turned Zionwards.—David Donald.

Forgive and Forget.

Forgive and forget! There's no breast so unfeeling
But some gentle thoughts of affection there live;
And the best of us all require something concealing,
Some heart that with smiles can forget and forgive.

Then away with the cloud from those beautiful eyes,
That brow was no home for such frowns to have met;
Oh, how could our spirits e'er hope for the skies,
If heaven refused to forgive and forget?

—Charles Swain in 'Temperance Record.'

A Case of Arrested Development.

(A True Story, by Margaret Montgomery, in 'S.S. Times.')

Joe McCarthy was the head of a family, and he was going to the bad! It was a sad case, for there were five children. It was sadder because this same Joseph McCarthy was only nine years old. At home the dishes were unwashed, but what difference did that make in a house where the table was always set?—if a table littered with soiled dishes and broken food could be called 'set.' All day the loaf of bread lay on the table, and, when any one grew hungry, why, then was meal-time for that one, at least, so long as there was a loaf from which to cut, and molasses in the cup to spread.

This plan of life saved a great many annoyances, such as undue trouble about coming to table in a tidy condition. Some people, the McCarthys knew, made a great deal of just such trifles; but they cherished a supreme scorn for 'sich fool notions.' Still, every one has his weak points, for the McCarthys were thought 'mighty particular' by their neighbors the Grulans, because the McCarthys would only let the cat eat at the table with the children, but drove the chickens away! On the other hand, there were the Cruchis, who thought the Grulans were lofty, because, though they did not mind the chickens, they almost always drove out of the kitchen the pet pig, while the Cruchis received the pig on terms of equality. The whole world is exclusive in its way.

But all the while that the Cruchis and the Grulans and the McCarthys are settling social distinctions, and Mrs. McCarthy is gossiping with her neighbors, and the four little McCarthy girls are growing up in their untidy, neglected home, Joe McCarthy was, as has been said more than once, going straight to the bad. And what was there to save him from it?

In some homes he would have had, at his age, a nurse to dress him, to curl his hair, and to take him by the hand, and lead him around the square on the sunny side of the street for a nice little walk.

At a quarter of seven Joe clutched a chunk of bread and molasses in one hand, and in the other his dinner-pail, which contained another chunk of bread and molasses, with the hollow lid full of cold tea, which his mother had put up for him the night before, that she might not have to get up early the next morning. Thus, eating his breakfast as the asthmatic whistle of Jameson colliery gave its seven hoarse blasts, Joe would go to his work in the big coal-breaker. He was a slate-picker in the Jameson Colliery?

Of course it wasn't right, and, of course the law forbade his working in the coal-breaker before he was twelve; but when Joe's father was brought home dead, (or, at least, a part of him was), and when the other children were nothing but girls, and when Mrs. McCarthy's speak-easy, (and who could object to a poor widdy woman with four girls selling a drop or two?) but when it was not a big-paying enterprise, from too much home consumption and other causes, and when Joe did not want to go to school, and did want to go to work in the breaker—'the darlin' boy!'—and when his mother went to the breaker-boss and swore that he was over twelve, but small of his age,—why, what was to be done? Breaker-bosses are not employed as detectives, and boys are not horses, whose ages can be read by their teeth. Besides, boys were needed in the Jameson Colliery. So Joe McCarthy, as was said in the beginning and has been said all along, was going to the bad as fast as his baby feet could carry him. He prided himself on being able to swear with the best of 'em. The older men counted him a 'cute one,' to be able to take a drink or a smoke with any man around the works.

One night a new factor came into the life of Joe McCarthy. Attracted by the lights and singing, he walked into a hall filled with boys. A boy is such a gregarious animal, that it is no wonder Joe McCarthy looked around with delight as he saw hundreds of boys seated in the hall. It was such a homelike crowd, with so many faces which bore, like his own, that tiny rim of coal-dirt about the eyelashes that any ordinary scrubbing with soap and water will not take off, which is the unmistakable mark of the breaker-boy. Joe felt at home at once.

Upon the platform the most delightful things occurred—songs and recitations, with beautiful selections by a mandolin club. Then presiding over the meeting, and moving in and out among the boys, went a gracious woman, beautifully dressed, with a bunch of roses at her waist. 'The real thing! 'cause I touched 'em, to find out, when I was pretendin' to catch Jim Fadden!'

Joe listened with admiration and wonder. After the meeting closed, from a perfect babel of information he learned that 'This is the B. I. A.' 'The B. I. A.?' 'Why, that's us!' That there wasn't a dead-beat belonged. 'Every chap in it's got to work at somepin', sellin' papers, or pickin' slate, or somepin'.' 'That there lady what set up front, and did such a lot of smilin' at us boys, is our president. She's a regular up-an'-up.' 'Her husband's attorney-general, but that ain't nuthin' to bein' the president of the B. I. A.'

The entertainment just given had been a repetition of the one given the week before by the young ladies of the First Church for the benefit of their mission band.

'Tell you what, Joe, the fellers that give the entertainments for us ain't no slouches! The regular swells, what get up things where ye'd be glad to git a chance to git in after yes dig up fifty cints or a dollar, comes up here, glad enough when they be's invited, and gives us the same show for nothin', 'cause ye see we fellers know how to appreciate 'em.'

Then there was the debating society, part of the organization.

'Tell you what it is, Joe; not one of the fine folks that come here can beat the B. I. A. in debate. That Mike Kilroy! he can talk like a house afire!'

'The B. I. A.'s great! A show every week, and two debatin' societies!'

'Better join, Joe. You can sign the constitution, and then, if you want to, you can sign the drinkin' book, an' the smokin' book, an' the swearin' book, that you won't do none of 'em no more.'

'Sign! Sign nuthin'!' was Joe's reply, as he seized his cap and rushed out of the door. He, Joe McCarthy, sign that he would not drink nor smoke nor swear, when he prided himself on being the youngest tough in the whole city! He had long outgrown the small suburban ambition of being 'the toughest kid in Simpson's Patch.' As for really signing his name to anything, he could not have done that; for he did not know how to write, his entire education consisting of the first three lessons in the primer which had been thumped into him by various teachers during the intervals of playing hookey, which had filled the two years when the state had his name upon its school-roll.

But then, if he could not sign his name, at least he could maintain his principles, and not be buncoed into anything which could be construed into goodness. So it was that Joe grabbed his cap, and, as fast as he could go, went from the hall straight to McGurkle's saloon on the back road. There he received a most flattering welcome. Every sharp, impudent, or vicious speech, the child made was greeted with roars of laughter, and he was spurred on to further efforts by these cries of applause. That night, for the first time, Joe went staggering home.

After such a beginning, did Joe ever go back to the B. I. A.? Of course, he did. Night after night, at first on the back seat, with his cap tight in his hand, ready to flee for his liberty, if ever he should be asked to join the society. More than once, as the president started smilingly in his direction, he was not, for the street had him.

However, no boy so notoriously tough as Joe McCarthy could come to the B. I. A. night after night without those interested in the work knowing all about him, his reputation and his environment.

It need not be told how the president won Joe. It was enough that he needed her and the B. I. A. with all its blessed helpfulness, more almost than any boy who ever joined it. So all her efforts and those of her helpers, were brought to bear upon that one boy, till, one night, his bravado gone, he asked that he might be a member of the society. The grimy fist bore the pencil fairly through the paper as Joe McCarthy made 'his X mark,' to the simple pledge.

> Realizing that the object of this society is for my benefit, physically, mentally, and morally, I, on my part, promise to refrain from all that will hinder, and to do all that will help, toward the attainment of that perfect manhood, the true type of which was given to the world in the character of Jesus Christ.

It was a real surrender. Sanctification did not result that first night; but the saloon had him no longer. After a few months, Joe marched up to the front, and said firmly, 'Gimme them there swearin' an' drinkin' an' smokin' books. I'm goin' to sign the hull outfit, and be a tiptop B. I. A.'

It was not very pleasant for Mrs. McCarthy at first, for somehow the 'drinkin' book,' and 'the business,' which Mrs. McCarthy conducted with more or less success, did not work smoothly together. But, in the end, there was one speak-easy less in Simpson's Patch, and Joe, the little man of the family, had taken a big step forward in manliness.

Joe is now sixteen. He has just been elected president of the senior debating club of the society. Even Mrs. McCarthy, who for a long time resented the implied interference with her business, regards him with wondering pride.

'He writes just beautiful, and ye never heard such readin' as he does since he's been goin' to the night-school, of the B. I. A. An' the figerin'! Do you know,' Mrs. McCarthy confides to her neighbors, 'he's a-workin' for a place on the ingineer corps, and his teacher says he is sure to get it. I tell yez, blood will tell—an' it's a fine lad, is my own Joe. He giv me every cint of his pay last month.'

It would all be a marvellous story, this change in Joe McCarthy, if it were only a

story. It is more than marvellous, it is true. The people about Wilkebarre, Pennsylvania, have grown used to the sight of just such results on just such embryonic outlaws, when they come under the influence of Mrs. Ellen W. Palmer, the boy lover and saver, with her Boys' Industrial Association, which has upwards of a thousand boy members, recruited from the neighboring coal-breakers, mills, and factories, and among the newsboys and bootblacks of the street. The entertainments provided so freely, by the friends of the B. I. A., are the bait to catch the boys. Then come their own debating clubs, with their elements of personal growth, and then the night schools and manual-training departments.

In all its avenues the B. I. A. is an uplift to the boys of the city of Wilkesbarre which is felt everywhere, Is not this particular form of boy-saving worthy of imitation elsewhere?

Lynn's Investment.

(Emily Guillon Fuller, in 'Forward.')

Lynn Carling had finally gained her parents' consent to buy with her little fortune what she most wished for in all the wide world—an education.

What a long sigh of relief had escaped her father when he had heard read those words: "Two thousand dollars to my dear niece, Lynn Carling." It'll pay off the mortgage—the farm will be hers, some day, an' she'd ruther have it clear, o' course.' His wife smiled happily when the good news reached her ears—and then Lynn noticed for the first time how rare that smile was. 'Father'll not have to work so hard to keep up the interest,' the mother had said.

But Lynn had argued and coaxed until the parents put away all thoughts of lighter loads for one another, and if Mrs. Carling wondered a bit why 'father's' hair grew whiter; or if Mr. Carling had a suspicion that 'mother's' face was more deeply lined, the daughter had not been told of it.

'Four years will pass before we realize it, father,' said she, 'and afterwards I shall be able to keep you and mother in comfort. A farm life is too hard for you. A college course is a necessity for a girl who wishes to become a teacher, now-a-days.'

'Ellen Carter never went to college, and she's taught considerable,' said Mrs. Carling.

'Yes, but where? She never got above the primary grade of a village school!' said Lynn, scornfully.

'Mebbe you can't find a place after you've spent all your money,' persisted her mother.

'Oh, no trouble about that! There's always room at the top, you know.'

'Such a chance as Hugh Mayberry doesn't come to every girl, Lynn.'

'Please don't bring up that subject, mother. I'm tired of Hugh Mayberry's name, and I'll live on no farm except father's, even—'

'But Hugh's is such a fine one, and two hundred acres of it!'

Lynn made no reply, she was to leave home next morning, and discussion availed nothing.

The four years passed slowly to the aging parents—swiftly to the girl, who felt herself in the garden of the Hesperides. Just before the beginning of the fall term of Lynn's last year at college Mrs. Carling fell ill; but she now considered her daughter's education of too much importance to allow her to miss even a week of the term for what she herself considered but a slight ailment. However, it was necessary that a servant be hired, so Mr. Carling dispensed with the 'hand,' and worked earlier and later to meet the extra expense of sickness.

'It comforts me, father, to know that next year I can relieve you and mother. We'll sell the farm, and buy a house in town where I shall support you. I've studied hard to do it, and my teachers tell me that I shall be well qualified.'

'Four years is a long time, daughter, I hope mother'll be able to keep up till its over.'

'It seems a long time; but three of them are past, you know.'

So was the fourth at last, and Lynn, full of honors, returned to nurse her dying mother. No effort could be made to secure a position while her thoughts and care were all for her. And when her mother found rest it was that which God provided—not Lynn. The girl showed redoubled kindness to her father, who was crushed by his loss. Meanwhile she endeavored to find a position in her chosen calling; at first hopefully—was she not prepared? Then anxiously—was it not more urgent, with fresh debts incurred? and last, despairingly, for the school year was approaching and vacancies were fast filling. True, she had an offer from the school board of Gordon village twenty miles distant, but thirty-five dollars per month for an S—— graduate! Her services should command at least five hundred a year. Lynn suffered from humiliation as well as disappointment, though her father offered no word of reproach, and when he remarked casually to her, one day, that 'Hugh Mayberry seems to prosper, if he does have to keep some of his wife's kin,' he regretted the words, lest she might misconstrue them.

Lynn had dismissed the servant after her mother's death, and she herself now helped her father about the farm as well as doing the housework. Just before Christmas, Mr. Carling suffered a stroke of paralysis, and then, indeed, Lynn's hands were full.

'Ef the interest on the mortgage was only paid, Lynn, I could die easier.'

'You are not going to die, father, and I shall pay the interest,' she answered bravely.

'How'll you do that, when you can't set foot off the farm?' he asked.

'I'll earn it right here, father. I've been thinking it all over, you may be sure. I did not find a position, as I felt certain of doing, but since you are sick and helpless, and we cannot afford a man to take your place, I shall do what I can, and you must not worry.'

'That all sounds easy, Lynn, but I've been farmin' many a year, an' I know it's the hardest kind o' work for a man. You've got more book learnin' than muscle.

'Then my cultivated brain must help my uncultivated muscles to solve the problem,' she answered, cheerfully.

Very early in the spring she began to carry out her plans. The first day that the soil could be worked, she hired a man, and for a week he was kept busy getting ready the ground she designed for early vegetables and setting posts for the fence round a proposed chicken yard.

'Why didn't you hev him nail the pickets on and finish up the fence?' asked her father.

'Because I myself can nail them on, and save his wages. I may as well put my knowledge of architecture to use—since it is already paid for,' she added a little bitterly.

She was up early and late from that time on. The fence was built, and well built, and prevented the numerous chickens from fattening on the vegetable garden. Many of the seeds for the garden she had started in the sunny windows of the old kitchen, but from the cold frame came her earliest 'truck.' 'More practical architecture,' she said, grimly, as she made the frame from some old old window-sashes, one bitter day in January.

'I wonder if my knowledge of mathematics helps me to drop the seed potatoes with more exactness,' she murmured, as she walked slowly up and down the furrows of newly ploughed ground.

'Seemds like you hev your hands full, Lynn,' said Mrs. Plum, peering over the boundary-fence. 'It do seem a pity that you dribbled your fortune away on an eddication what you can't make no mortal use of.'

'But I do use it every moment, Mrs. Plum. Not precisely as I expected to do, as every one knows, for circumstances seem against that at present.'

'Wal, I raised chickens and truck an' didn't squander no two thousand dollars learnin' how, neither. How're you calculatin' to peddle it—hire a boy and git cheated out o' half?'

'I had not decided about that, Mrs. Plum,' answered Lynn, coldly, turning away—the truth being that she had not thought of that part of it, at all. In the evening she consulted her father about this new perplexity.

'The grocers will not pay as much as private families, yet I cannot leave you alone while I peddle it, though I believe it's something I must do myself, if I want it well done.'

'You don't mean, Lynn, that you're a-goin' to climb into the spring waggon an' peddle—with all your eddication?' Mr. Carling regretted his unconsidered words as soon as he had spoken, and paused.

'Just what I'm going to do, father. You forget that I took the honors in mathematics! I ought to make a first-class peddler,' and Lynn laughed, though the color came into her face. 'That is, if you are well enough to be left alone by the time the early stuff is ready to sell.'

'If I'm well enough to be left, I'll be able to go with you and hold the horse while you deliver the goods—and I'll do it, too.'

So Lynn redoubled her efforts, and worked harder than ever. From four in the morning till darkness came she toiled on, and went to bed so weary that sleep closed her eyelids as soon as her head touched the pillow. She planted and hoed and fought insects and weeds and learned more of nature than four years of college had taught her.

'I'll warrant she thinks o' them two thousand dollars she spent, when she's a-hoppin' in an' out o' that high old waggon afore every door she comes to, glad to sell a nickel's worth o' ennything. Well, "pride must hev a fall."' So spake Mrs. Plum.

Pride certainly had a fall; but, recovering from the shock, arose staunch as ever, and carried Lynn through. Ever before her was the hope of carrying out her plans when God should open the way. Meanwhile her work paid the interest on the mortgage and supported them.

The following fall she was offered a position as teacher, which, though small, she felt justified in accepting. Renting the farm, she and her father moved to the town where she was employed.

At the end of two years Mr. Carling joined his wife on the other shore, and Lynn found herself alone in the world. She rose step

by step, until she became principal of a school in a small city, and although she valued her education at its full worth, she was ever careful about advising anyone else to venture what she had in acquiring it. 'An education is one of the most desirable of possessions,' she was wont to say, 'but it may be bought at too great a cost to those whom we love, though the selfishness of youth sometimes fails to understand this until too late.'

Is Oil More Than Character?

Mrs. Davis walked briskly along, her footsteps ringing crisply on the frozen snow. She cast quick glances from side to side at the houses that lined the street.

'I declare,' she mused, 'one would be led to think that oil is worth its weight in gold. Four out of every five houses are black in the face. What a cheerful appearance the street would present if everybody would live more in their front rooms. Here is our house, too, dark and gloomy in front and only a blur of light at the side windows. I've been thinking of this for some time.'

She entered the front door and walked the length of the dark hall that opened into the sitting-room.

'Mrs. Moore is better,' she said in answer to the general look of inquiry. 'The custard I made for her is the only thing she has relished to-day.'

Coming in from the delicious air the room seemed hot and stuffy. The family was crowded about the one lamp on the table. Her husband was reading; Stella, a girl of twelve, bent over her grammar with a look of desperation in her face; Frank, almost a man, was craning his neck towards the light, engrossed with his beloved study—the dictionary. He was a type-setter in his father's office, and in one pocket he carried a book on punctuation, and in the other a dictionary. 'The Dic,' he was wont to say, 'will tell you almost anything. It gives you the word you want, the synonyms, and all the trimmings of t-i-o-n, tion, l-y, ly.' A small boy and girl were playing dominoes, carrying on the game in whispers and pantomime, while Robert, aged four, was drawing a slate full of be-gengines with the screechiest of slate pencils. Mrs. Davis seated herself with her mending basket, taking mental notes meanwhile. Frequently her husband read a bit of news aloud to her, which drew a sigh of despair from Stella and an impatient change of posture from Frank.

'Oh, dear!' thought Stella, 'I'll have to get a hammer and pound this old grammar lesson into my head. Common school grammar, indeed! with its rules and five hundred or so exceptions. My head throbs so I can't remember a thing!' Presently she got up and put on her wraps.

'Mother, I'm going to study with Myrtle. If she asks me, may I stay all night?'

Mrs. Davis reluctantly gave her consent. She knew Stella preferred sleeping at home, but she felt that it would be quite impossible for herself to concentrate her own mind on any study under existing circumstances. Myrtle had a small stove upstairs in her room, where the girls could study undisturbed. Robert's pencil agonized around smoke-stacks and wheels as if in excruciating pain. Suppressed giggles and frequent bursts of excitement came from the domino players. Frank, after shifting his position several times, quietly closed his book, put it into his pocket, and left the room. His mother, with senses alert, heard the back door close, then the gate shut, and she knew he had gone up town.

Frank wandered along, objectless, save to straighten the kink out of his neck, when a boy across the street hailed him.

'Hello, Davis! That you?'

'The same, Sambo.'

Sam ran across the street to join him.

'Where you bound for?'

'Nowhere. Where you bound for?' asked Frank.

'Nowhere, too;' then they both laughed and turned their steps towards the brilliant stores.

'How good the air is; I'd like to eat it,' said Frank filling his lungs.

'Awful poky, shut up in a small space in the house. Hello! Hear that? Some one is dancing a clog in there,' indicating a saloon close by; 'let's go in a minute.'

'I don't go into saloons,' said Frank, pausing and looking at the door.

'Pooh! neither do I, as a rule. We won't touch any of their snaky stuff, but it is light and warm in there, with a reading-room at the back, and magazines to look at for nothing.'

Sam opened the door, and Frank followed. Although feeling much out of place, the two boys sat down, and while Sam looked over the literature on the table, Frank got out his well-thumbed dictionary, and said he would 'flush another covey of synonyms.' He thought of the crowd around the table at home, and settled back comfortably in his chair.

When the younger children were abed, Mrs. Davis had a talk with her husband.

'Whose coming?' was the question the following evening, when the parlor door was opened, revealing a glowing fire. 'The junior Davises are coming to study,' said the mother, laughing.

'Is it really for us? Oh, how lovely! I'll clean the lamp, and keep the room as neat as wax,' exclaimed Stella.

'And I will make that woodpile think Dewey has arrived with all his guns primed,' said Frank, waving his books above his head. As he drew up a chair he thought in self-disgust:

'Think of my sitting in that saloon like any old bum! Because they saw me there I've had to snub half a dozen rowdies to-day who tried to be too chummy with me.'

The experiment worked like a charm. However trying the daily task, the knowledge that a cosy evening awaited them acted like a tonic to the tired nerves. A week later Frank looked up from his book and said:

'Sam wonders why some benevolent gentleman doesn't fit up a place where boys can spend their evenings harmlessly; but I've been thinking that benevolence, like charity, begins at home, instead of saddling it all on to one man, it should be cut up in pieces, say the size of a yeast-cake, and a piece dropped into every home, where it would ferment and expand until home seems the brightest spot on earth. This afternoon when I was slinging type, this pretty room rose up before me, so to speak, and I got so hungry for supper that I felt like eating up all the p's, and lower case, and drinking up the t's ditto.'

Stella laughed, then said, 'I used to envy Myrtle but I don't any more. I haven't failed in a single recitation since we have had this room to study in. It's a kind of anchor to my memory.'

Mrs. Davis overheard this conversation, and thought to herself:

'Some talk big about benefiting the world, while the little home-world over which we preside grows comfortless and cheerless. Once out of its protecting walls they are in an unknown country where the objectionable is met on every hand. I'll introduce the idea of Frank's unique yeast-cakes at the next Mothers' Meeting.'—'Advance.'

How We Earned Our Missionary Money.

(By Clara Pierce, in 'The Occident.')

Just a month before Christmas our superintendent, Mr. Brown, told us that our home missionaries were suffering because the board could not get enough money to pay their salaries. This made us sorry, for how would they buy food and warm clothing for the winter? Mr. Brown also told us that Christian people were going to raise money to pay the salaries of California missionaries and asked if we would not like to do something to help.

We thought of the missionary children whose fathers might have no money for Christmas, just because the church did not pay what it owed them, and we decided to give our Christmas offering to them.

'If your parents give you the money,' said Mr. Brown, 'the offering will be their gift not yours; can you not earn what you give? I think every member of this school can earn fifty cents, and then at our Christmas entertainment each may tell how he earned his money.'

'Fifty cents!' I never can earn so much!' whispered Eva to me, and I heard Charlie say, 'I've got fifty cents in my bank.'

It was only a month till Christmas, and we didn't know how we could earn money, but we wanted to try, for we felt so sorry for the missionaries.

Our school was very small—there were only fifteen children—but every-body says we have the 'nicest little Sunday-school,' and we meant to do our very best. Of course the big boys—some of them are fourteen years old—could earn money easily, they could do a hundred things, but what could the little girls of our class do and the little bits of folks in the infant class? It did seem that there was nothing that they could do!

We talked it all over before we went home, and we talked about it at home and Charlie said he dreamed about it. We asked our mammas what we could do. Ours said, 'Where there's a will, there's a way,' and she was right. For as soon as we began to look for something to do we found it.

There's Mary Brown's mamma—Oh, she makes the sweetest, crispiest ginger snaps, and she promised to make as many as Mary and Emma could sell, if they would help her all they could. They liked this, and when the dishes had to be washed or the table set or the floor swept, they didn't fret one bit.

When the cookies were baked and folded in a white napkin in a dainty basket, the girls had ever so many customers. It made one's mouth water just to see the pretty brown snaps or get a whiff of their spicy smell. The students bought them, and the house-keepers bought them—they make such a nice dessert with custards or they are good with coffee at breakfast—and the children all begged for a nickel to buy a dozen ginger snaps from Emma or Mary. Mrs. Brown had to bake ever so many times and every time the cookies were just as good as the first and sold just as quickly. She didn't say she was tired of her bargain, but I guess she was glad when Christmas was over.

Eva's mother paid her for darning stock-

ings, and her little sister Annie said, 'I can darn stockings too,' so her mamma said she might. I think Eva and Annie worked harder for their money than the rest of us girls, at least their work was not so pleasant. I'm sure I don't like to darn stockings.

Ted always thinks of something different from other people,—it's a wonder he didn't try to sell jokes or tricks, or perhaps he thought nobody would want to buy them, so he hunted up a big piece of redwood bark that had been put away in the attic. He cut it into all sorts of blocks; called them 'cubes' and 'triangles' and 'crescents' and 'oblongs.' Then he tied gay ribbons round them and sold them as California souvenir pincushions. The bark was very hard to saw, but sometimes his father helped, and once a tramp who wanted to saw wood for his breakfast cut off two or three pieces.

When Ned went out to sell his pincushions nearly everybody bought, they were so pretty and so cheap and so like California, for where else do redwoods grow? The young men on the hill wanted the souvenirs to send to their sisters. Mamma laughed when she heard this, I don't see why, for I think it's nice when my brothers give me presents. It was just the same with my lavender sticks.

But I haven't told you about my lavender sticks. In the summer Miss Robinson gave me a great bunch of lavender, and while it was green I counted out the stalks and tied them into nice little bundles of nineteen each. Then I laid them away to finish for Christmas presents. When I wanted money for my Christmas offering I said 'I'll finish my lavender sticks and sell them.' So I wove in the bright ribbons, red and green and pink and lavender, and sold them every one, papa bought the last one, and keeps it in his bureau.

Silas sold oil cans and brought in wood, and when the wind didn't blow and no water ran into the tank, Willie pumped it full. Some of the big boys hauled wood and chopped it or brought trunks from the station and one of them sold tickets for an entertainment. Roy set out fruit trees and sold a Christmas tree that he got on Bald Hill.

Tommy, he's my brother and he's a little boy, said to me, 'Sister, if you will go without butter for a month, I will too, and we'll ask papa to give us fifty cents apiece.'

'Very good,' said papa, 'I'll pay you fifty cents, for a penny saved is a penny earned.'

It wasn't very easy at first, but we thought of the missionaries, and then we have syrup at our house in the morning and sometimes jelly or gravy at dinner,—Dr. Morton thought we ought to have gravy every single day that month. But if you want to know how dry bread tastes to people, missionaries especially, who can't afford to buy butter, just try going without it for a month. You mustn't eat a bit, we didn't except when we went to Uncle Harry's for Thanksgiving dinner, and mamma said that wouldn't count.

When Christmas eve came and we had sung and recited and admired our pretty tree, Mr. Brown called us one by one to bring our offerings and tell how we earned our money. Some people thought this was the very best part of the entertainment, and it was very interesting when Freddy Brown, he's so small that he can't speak plain, got up and told how he 'tarried in the wood,' and when tiny Ida Carrol said, 'I made my bed and I washed my hands.'

When the money was counted there was almost fifteen dollars, nearly a dollar apiece from each of us, and the best of it all was that we had earned it all ourselves, except one little boy who did not understand.

Our superintendent sent the money right away, and we were all very happy the next Sunday when Mr. Brown read us the beautiful letter that Dr. Norris wrote when he thanked us for the gift. We were all glad that we could help the people who spend all their time trying to bring people to Jesus.

What Changed Two Minds.

(By Elizabeth Preston Allan, in 'Presbyterian Banner.')

'It is just what I've always said!' exclaimed Lucien, with an air of importance. But what it was that he had always said the school could not make out, for Lucien and Henry were sitting off by themselves on the old oak stump, having a private confab.

That was what we heard Lucien say, as the bell called us in from noon recess. 'It is just what I've always said,' and whatever it was, Lucien seemed to pride himself on having said it.

'Well, it's no good spreading it about,' said Henry (much to our disappointment) 'you'll consider this confidential, of course.'

'Of course,' answered Lucien, with the more emphasis, I think, as he saw the baffled curiosity in our faces.

But school boys are not as deep as wells, nor as dense as millstones. Whatever this secret was, the school soon saw that Lucien and Henry bore themselves coldly towards Miller Ford; and forty-six young imaginations were busy inventing for themselves a reason for this coldness. What did Lucien and Henry know about Miller? It was evidently too bad to tell. It must be something horrible. And so, however bad the story, it would perhaps have been better to have told it out. As it was, Miller began to have a pretty lonesome time at old Alleghan school.

It did not have a very good effect on him, either. He was not a sweet-tempered chap to begin with, and under this persistent snubbing he got to be as cross as two sticks—as two crossed sticks; everything you said he answered with a snap.

Ford was easily the brightest boy in the school; he just walked over our heads all the time, and if we snubbed him for some obscure reason he scorned us for reasons that were only too evident. He was going to take all the honors that one boy could be allowed to have; but I fancy that a boy doesn't care much for honors, when they bring him no applause from his schoolfellows.

Before the session was over the mystery leaked out. Henry had told Lucien that Miller Ford's mother was a cook, and Lucien had boasted that all along he had said Miller was no gentleman. Lucien thought he knew a gentleman when he saw one.

I don't think Mrs. Ford's occupation would have troubled us much—the rest of us—if it hadn't been for Lucien and Henry; but as they seemed to feel aggrieved by it (they were very tony fellows, we thought), we resented it, too. And so commencement day dawned upon Alleghan.

It was a fair, fine day; sun and sky and breeze did their best to decorate our lawns for the festal occasion, and pretty girls in ribbons and flowers did the rest.

Miller Ford was the hero of the day. We could not help that, since he went up for diplomas and distinctions and medals galore, and the trustees patted him and the school and themselves on the back, figuratively, all the day.

The hall was crowded to suffocation, and we boys, being in the front seats, had very little idea of who was in the crowd; but presently a thrill stirred our ranks, as the whisper went around, 'Miller Ford's mother has come to the commencement!'

Poor boy! Of course, he would be awfully mortified. Little as we liked him, we felt how hard this was, to come at the hour of his triumph, too, and put him to shame in the face of that great crowd. He did not know his mother was present; we could see that; he was flushed with pride and pleasure, and sat among us with his head up. Hush! Don't let him hear it; put off his fall, if possible. Perhaps the old woman will have the grace to keep herself hid till the exercise are over.

But, no—it is too late! That silly Tom Spencer has told him. We wish somebody would club Tom. The fiery color rushes up to his face; he springs to his feet; is he going to run away?

Just then his name is called. The president of the board of trustee is beginning to say that Miller Ford, having passed all his examinations with distinction, when Ford himself interrupts Colonel Hampton, and says something to him in a low tone.

The school is in a quiver of excitement. What is Ford saying? What is about to happen? The first thing that happens is that Colonel Hampton blows his nose and clears his throat and seems put to it to get his voice steady.

'Ladies and gentlemen,' the colonel says, presently, 'our first-honor man has asked me to pause; has asked me not to confer upon him this highest award of the year until he is sure that his mother is in a position to hear and see. He has just learned that she is in the house, and he says that as all the good that has ever come to him he owes to her, he wants her to have this gratification. If Miller Ford's mother is present, she will confer a favor upon us all by coming up to the front.'

You could have heard a pin drop. But when a little, old wrinkled, weather-beaten woman began to struggle forward, and our medalist, putting aside the be-ribboned marshals took her on his own young arm and proudly led her to a front seat, our boys broke into such a cheer as I verily think Alleghan never heard before.

And although Lucien and Henry could not say out in words that they had changed their minds about Miller's being a gentleman, his old mother had two cavaliers at her command for the rest of the day!

Our Heroes.

Here's a hand to the boy who has courage
To do what he knows to be right.
When he falls in the way of temptation,
He has a hard battle to fight.
Who strives against self and his comrades
Will find a most powerful foe.
All honor to him if he conquers,
A cheer for the boy who says 'No!'

There's many a battle fought daily,
The world knows nothing about.
There's many a brave little soldier
Whose strength puts a legion to rout.
And he who fights sin single-handed
Is more of a hero, I say,
Than he who leads soldiers to battle
And conquers by arms in the fray.

Be steadfast, my boy, when you're tempted,
To do what you know to be right.
Stand firm by the colors of manhood
And you will o'ercome in the fight.
'The right!' be your battle cry ever
In waging the warfare of life,
And God, who knows who are the heroes,
Will give you the strength for the strife.

—Phoebe Cary.

A Boy's Resolution.

(N. Gurney Callier in 'Early Days.')

'Late again to-day,' exclaimed his sister Mary, as Jack rushed in from school, when all had finished tea. 'Please don't bother, Mary. I'm too hungry to talk. Give me some tea instead.'

Mary was the only daughter of Dr. Ewing. Mrs. Ewing had died suddenly a year ago, leaving her two boys in Mary's charge. Mary, a girl of fifteen, found her position difficult sometimes, for Dr. Ewing had little time to devote to his motherless children.

Bertie, the youngest, was a quiet lad of ten, who spent most of his time in reading, and never gave his sister anxiety. But Jack, who was two years older, was ever in mischief. At school he was always being punished for breaking rules or playing tricks; besides which, he seldom took the trouble to prepare a lesson.

To-day, as soon as he had finished tea, he took up his cap to go out again.

'I wish you would do your lessons first, Jack,' asked Mary. 'It's such a pity to be kept in every day. If father hears of it he will be so angry.'

'Well, Mary, I must go to the choir practice to-night, and I promised Jones to run over and see his pigeons. I'll learn the lessons to-morrow morning before breakfast.' And he went out again.

For some time after her brother had gone Mary sat thinking. 'I wish I knew what to do,' she sighed. 'I feel that I ought to tell father, but it might not do any good. If only mother were near to help me! I wonder whether it would be of any use to show Jack mother's last letter.'

As Jack was going to bed that evening, Mary gave him the letter. 'I thought you might like to see it, Jack,' she said.

When Jack opened the letter he found it dated June 3, 1884, the day before his mother's death. With tears in his eyes, he read her parting words to Mary to look after the boys. 'Jack is so full of mischief,' she had written. 'He is every inch a boy. I wish I could have been always near him, but I shall leave him in God's hands. Give him my best love, and tell him to meet me in heaven.' Jack dashed aside his tears.

'O mother, I wish you were here,' he murmured. 'It's hard work for a boy without you.' And Jack cried himself to sleep.

The next morning Mary found the letter on his table. Jack said nothing, and he was late from school as usual.

Sunday morning came round. Jack and Bertie were choristers; it had been their mother's wish. In church Jack thought of his mother's letter. The sun, which was streaming through the windows, seemed to be coming straight from heaven—from his mother. The preacher gave out the hymn, 'Holy! Holy! Holy!' the mother's favorite hymn. Jack fancied he could hear her voice mingling with theirs as they sang the Holy! Holy! Holy!

All through the sermon he could hear her speaking to him just as she used to do. Then he remembered how many resolutions he had made to please her, and how easily he had broken them. 'I'll try not to disappoint her again,' he said to himself, as he walked home.

As the days wore on Jack kept his resolve. His lessons were always learnt, and he was soon at the top of his form. And in a few years Jack found himself head of the school, the favorite of the masters and of all his schoolfellows.

The Difference.

When the winds of winter beat
  Little Bunny's hollow tree,
For a blanket round his feet
  Close his bushy tail tucks he.
Never mind how loud the storm,
Sound he sleeps and snug, and warm.

When the little honey-bees
  See the snow come powdering down
On their roof beneath the trees
  In the pleasant Beehive Town,
Then away to bed they creep,
All the winter long they sleep.

But when little busy Ned
  Hears the noisy north wind blow,
Out he rushes with his sled,
  For he loves the whirling snow.
Bees and bunnies, sleepy things!
Lose the fun that winter brings.

—'Youth's Companion.'

Rex and Wooley.

(The Occident.)

Rex and Wooley are good friends and playmates—indeed, they are great chums. Their families live on opposite corners, at the intersection of two streets, in the pretty little town of Colusa. Like many close friends, Rex and Wooley are unlike in appearance and disposition, yet it is evident that they have many sympathies in common, and each seems to admire in the other what is lacking in self.

They are about the same size, both affectionate and very clever. Rex is certainly handsome, though he is far from brave, and he abhors stormy weather and consequently mud—or dirt of any kind, in fact—and keeps his coat and dainty feet as immaculate as possible; while Wooley is just as certainly far from handsome, very brave, and delights in mud-puddles.

Rex wears a fine white coat of wavy hair, has the softest of large, dark brown eyes, a plumy tail, and is altogether petable. Wooley's coat is rough, shaggy and dark drab in color, and thick hair overhangs,but cannot conceal,the bright eyes twinkling with fun and merriment. His eyes shine like stars. And his tail—poor Wooley has no tail! not even the stump of a tail—never had one. Just think of it! a little dog with no tail to wag his transports of joy, express his chagrin and sorrow, or to help him turn corners easily.

One morning, Wooley called for Rex to take a little run. The weather had been stormy, but during the night it had cleared. Rex glanced at the streets, and thought that they did not look so very muddy, and that the crossing might be good, yet he hesitated—appearances were often deceitful. Again he argued to himself that he had been shut up in the house all week on account of this storm, and really needed a little exercise in the fresh air; then Wooley was so persuasive that he finally decided to go.

All this happened on the front lawn, and when they started off, Rex's mistress called, but he only turned a deaf ear, ran faster, and was soon out of sight.

Apparently they found so many items of interest that all the morning and the greater part of the afternoon slipped by and no Rex came home, nor could he be found. At length, just as his pretty young mistress, Miss Bee, began to fear that either he had been stolen or had met with some dreadful accident, there came a knock at the door. Miss Bee's mamma heard it, and answered the summons, wondering why the doorbell had not been used. She opened the door. There was no one where a person ought to be; but, on glancing down, she beheld Wooley, smiling his most charming dog smile, and talking in his best manner. Being one who understands the ways and manners of dogdom, she knew at once, and replied:

'Yes, Wooley, I know what you want. Rex is outside and has sent you in to ask one of us to open the gate, which is locked. Now, you can tell Rex we will not do so, because he was very naughty to run away this morning. He must crawl under the big gate.'

Then did Wooley plead, but in vain; the lady closed the door, returned to the parlor, and was soon absorbed in a magazine. She was again interrupted by a knock at the hall door, and, supposing it to be Rex asking admission, she opened the door. No—there stood Wooley again, using all his powers of eloquent persuasion.

'It's no use, Wooley,' said the lady, 'Rex will have to come under the big gate.'

Now, to crawl under the big gate in wet weather was direful punishment for Rex. Under the big gate is a small depression in one spot, by which Rex goes in and out during the summer without soiling his coat, but during the rainy season the place is sloppy, and he never passes through it.

Again the lady retired to the parlor and the bay window, whence she could watch proceedings. Wooley went out by way of the big gate—he didn't mind the mud. There was a long consultation on the other side, then Wooley came crawling under the gate on his side, followed by the distressed Rex. Very soon there was another knock at the door, and there stood Rex, with a crestfallen air, while Wooley waited below on the walk to see the outcome. Rex 'crawfished' in, so that the lady might not see that dreadful spot on his side. He ran to a corner of the parlor near the bay window and sat down, now and again glancing at the disgraceful spot, which he had turned towards the wall.

He gave a sorrowful, reproving look at the lady, that said as plainly as words, 'You might have come when Wooley told you I was sorry. I didn't think you could be so unforgiving.' But the lady only said, 'I saw that spot, Rex. You are a dirty-looking dog,' whereat his humiliation was complete.

After seeing Rex safely housed, Wooley ran home, just in time to meet his own master at the gate. He was seized by the scuff of his neck, and plunged up and down in the water-trough until he was fairly clean. Wooley thought this great fun, and when released, shook himself and scampered into the house in great glee, greeting every one with a look that said, 'I've had a great time! Don't fear for the carpets, for I'm not muddy in the least. I've had a delightful bath in the trough!' Who could resist such a merry little creature?

Meanwhile Rex had now retired behind the lace curtain, nor would he come out for all the coaxing of his pretty young mistress. Not even when Miss Bee's papa, with whom Rex was a great favorite, came home, did he move or look up.

'Why, Rex! What's the matter with Rex?' said the gentleman; but Rex only hung his head and contemplated that spot. How could he ever get it clean?

When Rex's supper time came—and by the way, Rex's appetite is as dainty as himself. He eats only two fluffy white biscuits each day, and these are fed to him in delicate bits from milady's hand, for he does not know how to manage them in the usual dog way. On holidays a turkey's foot is added, but such a sumptuous feast all but causes a bilious attack each time. Well, when his supper time came, Rex had no appetite. Not one bit could he eat: so Miss Bee, who considered his punishment sufficient, came to his relief. She prepared a warm bath, and with her own fair hands cleansed his beautiful coat from that ugly spot; and the next day, but not until the next day, Rex was himself again.

LESSON V.—OCT. 29.

Psalms of Deliverance.

Psalms lxxv., and cxxvi. Memory verses, Psa. cxxvi., 1-6. Read Jeremiah, xxxi.

Golden Text.

'They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.' Psa. cxxvi., 5.

Home Readings.

M. Psa. lxxxv.—Psalms of deliverance.
T. Psa. cxxvi.—Psalms of deliverance.
W. Jer. xxx., 18-24.—Promise of deliverance.
Th. Jer. xxxi., 1-12.—A joyful prospect.
F. Jer. xxxiii., 1-14.—Pardon and restoration.
S. Zech. viii., 1-8.—A joyful city.
Su. Psa. cxxiv.—The Great Deliverer.

Lesson Text.

Supt.—1. Lord, thou hast been favorable unto thy land; thou hast brought back the captivity of Jacob.

School.—2. Thou hast forgiven the iniquity of thy people, thou hast covered all their sin.

3. Thou hast taken away all thy wrath: thou hast turned thyself from the fierceness of thine anger.

4. Turn us, O God of our salvation, and cause thine anger toward us to cease.

5. Wilt thou be angry with us for ever? wilt thou draw out thine anger to all generations?

6. Wilt thou not revive us again: that thy people may rejoice in thee?

7. Shew us thy mercy, O Lord, and grant us thy salvation.

8. I will hear what God the Lord will speak: for he will speak peace unto his people, and to his saints: but let them not turn again to folly.

9. Surely his salvation is nigh them that fear him; that glory may dwell in our land.

10. Mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other.

11. Truth shall spring out of the earth; and righteousness shall look down from heaven.

12. Yea, the Lord shall give that which is good; and our land shall yield her increase.

13. Righteousness shall go before him; and shall set us in the way of his steps.

1. When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zi'on, we were like them that dream.

2. Then was our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongue with singing: then said they among the heathen, The Lord hath done great things for them.

3. The Lord hath done great things for us; whereof we are glad.

4. Turn again our captivity, O Lord, as the streams in the south.

5. They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.

6. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.

Suggestions.

These hymns of hope and trust belong to the time of the return. Those who had gone back to Jerusalem longed for the return of their exiled brethren. They praised God for what he had done and prayed him to do for them still greater things.

Jehovah had released his people from captivity in order that they might return to their own land and there serve and worship him. The lessons of captivity had been learned. The Israelites who had insulted God in his own land by worshipping idols, when taken to live amongst the heathen in an idolatrous land, grew to hate the sin which had mastered them (Rom. vi., 16). In humiliation they then sought the Lord God of their fathers and turned to him with their whole hearts. God can not forgive sin until it is confessed and turned from, he can not wash away that which we cling to. As long as the Israelites clung to their sin, they were kept in punishment for it. As soon as they repented and turned from their sin, they were forgiven and restored.

When God forgives, he casts all our sins behind his back, he blots out the charges. And for Jesus Christ's sake it is with him as though we had never sinned. If we owed a debt for some years and some one else finally paid it and gave us the receipt, the person who had been paid would have no more claim upon us than if we had never owed him anything. God gives an abundant pardon, and for them who are in Christ Jesus there is no more judgment, or condemnation (Rom. viii., 1: Jer. l., 20).

God's thoughts for us are peace and love, but let no man think that there is any peace for the soul at enmity with its Maker. God's promises and blessings are all conditional. Where there is no sowing there can be no possible reaping.

The Bible Class.

Mercy—Isa. liv., 8, 10; lv., 3, 7: Jer. xxxiii., 11: Lam. III., 22, 23, 31-33: Hos. vi., 6: Matt. ix., 13; xii., 7: Luke I., 50, 54, 58, 72, 78: Titus III., 5: Rom. xi., 30-33.

Truth—Deut. xxxii., 4: Psa. c., 5; cviii., 4; cxvii., 2: cxix., 30. John xvii., 17; xv., 26, 27. Prov. xii., 19.

Righteousness—Gen. xv., 6: Prov. xiv., 34: Ez. xviii., 20-22, 24; xxxiii., 12, 13: Matt. v., 6, 10: I. Cor. I., 30: II. Cor. vi., 7, 14: Eph. v., 9; vi., 14. Phil. iii., 8, 9. Titus III., 5. Heb. I., 9: I. Pet. II., 24.

Peace—Phil. iv., 7-9: Heb. xiii., 20: Eph. II., 14-17; iv., 1-3; vi., 15: Rom. viii., 6: Isa. ix., 6, 7; lvii., 19-21: Jer. xxix., 11.

Illustration.

We learn a lesson of hope and faith from the long and slow process of deliverance. We enter upon a new life with songs, like these Jews to whom the return was like a dream of beauty and glory. Then came long years of waiting, of growing, of trials and tribulations, of failures and delays, of discipline, of hard lessons. We are disappointed; but as at last came better times, a new city, a new temple, and in Christ a new kingdom, to the Jews, so at last there comes to us the realization of the blessedness of our deliverance, of our reaping in joy.

The sowing in tears ever precedes the reaping in joy. This is true of education, of our school days, before we can reap the glories of literature, the hard practice and long study before one can produce and perfectly enjoy the most heavenly music; the struggle of life before success can be won.

It is true of the Christian life. The cross comes before the crown, the discipline of life before sainthood, the labors and cares before success in doing good. There is no royal road to the true Paradise.—From 'Peloubet's Select Notes.'

C. E Topic.

Oct. 29. Giving, a measure of love. Mark 12: 41-44. (A meeting to consider systematic and proportionate giving.)

Junior C. E.

Oct. 29. What are some foes we must fight? I Peter 5: 5-11.

Regarding Sundays-schools, says a Nebraska writer, I am far from echoing the cry, 'The old days were better than these.' That could not be, in any movement in which man is trying, however haltingly, to keep in step with the Almighty. But did not those days hold much which we have neglected to take with us? Notably, the practice of memorizing Scripture. A mind stored in childhood with God's very words is supplied against the needs of a lifetime with an armor of defence against the adversary, and the sword of the Spirit wherewith to resist him; strength in time of weakness, assurance in doubt, comfort in sorrow. These are God's children—these restless, irrepressible creatures—into each of whom he has breathed his divine life, and there, though hidden under levity or indifference, it sleeps, awaiting the awakening voice of its Father, heard through his holy Word. No human utterances have this power, which abides in the words of him who said: 'My word shall not return unto me void; but it shall accomplish that which I please, and shall prosper in the thing whereunto I sent it.'

Tobacco Catechism.

(By Dr. R. H. McDonald, of San Francisco.)

CHAPTER XXI.—DISAGREEABLE PHASES.

1. Q.—Why is it necessary to put up notices in cars, steamboats, and public places, 'No smoking allowed?'

A.—Because many of those that smoke do not care for the comfort of others, and must be forced into good manners.

2. Q.—What are women told to do if they venture to protest against this custom of smoking?

A.—They are told that the world is wide and they can go elsewhere.

3. Q.—Can they do so?

A.—No, for this world is not wide enough to afford a hiding place from those who smoke.

4. Q.—What does a western writer state?

A.—That tobacco is here the ever present deity, circles into which whisky gains no admission are cursed with tobacco.

5. Q.—Does tobacco pervade all places, all circles and grades of society?

A.—It does. The judge on the bench, the lawyer at the bar, the witness in the box are addicted to its use.

The railroad car, the stage coach, steamboat cabin, the lyceum hall, our legislative halls, the Chrstian conference room, and alas the minister's sanctuary, are cursed by its presence.

6. Q.—What is a common custom among foreigners?

A.—That of smoking in restaurants.

7. Q.—How does the use of tobacco affect a person's appearance?

A.—The tobacco user often becomes slovenly in his habit and filthy in appearance.

8. Q.—How do men dress who work in a tobacco field?

A.—A gum exudes from green tobacco that covers everything with which it comes in contact. The practice of tobacco growers is to put on a shirt outside their clothes and wear it without washing all through the season.

9. Q.—How do they appear?

A.—'They look as though they always burrowed in the ground, and in hands and face as well as dress, are the color of woodchucks.'

10. Q.—Is tobacco a luxury to the poor?

A.—Some writers, addicted to its use, are loud in their praises of tobacco as a luxury, but sensible people will remember that the husband and father is usually the only one of the family who partakes of this luxury.

11. Q.—When we talk of tobacco as a luxury to the poor man, what forcible and practical conclusion presents itself?

A.—He would suffer much less if he used the money he spent for tobacco upon the needs of his wife and children.

12. Q.—Are men who carry on traffic in liquor, tobacco, and opium, considered honest, law-abiding citizens?

A.—Yes, strange as it may seem. The pirate, the highwayman, the burglar, thief, and robber are punished as criminals; but those who defraud their fellows by taking their money and giving in return that which degrades their manhood, and robs them of home and love, are considered respectable and law-abiding citizens.

13. Q.—What more can you say?

A.—That no one who loves his neighbor as himself can take from a person his earnings, and give in return only that which destroys both body and soul.—Mark, 12th chapter, 31st verse. Romans, 13th chapter, 10th verse.

Non-Alcoholic Refreshments for the People.

('Hand and Heart.')

The Duchess of Rutland is known everywhere as a true friend of the people. A warm heart, a clear judgment, a thoroughly practical knowledge of the true interests of the busy workers in our villages and towns, have won for Her Grace the confidence and high esteem of those whom she labors to benefit.

In a recent article in 'The Queen,' the

Duchess sketches with a graphic pen the story of Lady Hope's introduction of the coffee-room in village and town life.

'Lady Hope had been holding classes in a large room, where she gave religious teaching, and had seen a good deal of the needs of the people. A kind relation who paid her a visit, inquired about the work going on in the town, and asked if she wanted anything. She replied, "a coffee-room for workingmen." Lady Hope's wishes were granted. She obtained a building which contained two rooms, one above the other, each measuring 30 feet by 20 feet. She fitted up the lower room as a coffee-room, the upper as a room for meetings. To use her own words: "The lower room was furnished with two bars at one end, one of which was to be used for the display of provisions and the sale of coffee; the other contained two sloping, locked desks for the reception of account books, etc., connected with the savings bank and shoe clubs. . . . Five tables were then placed in the room, round which were put backed forms of a corresponding size, these, by my father's gift, being covered with long crimson cushions. Pictures were hung on the walls, and things generally began to wear a cheerful aspect. But still our arrangements were incomplete; for by far the most important item of our establishment was lacking — we had no man."

'After a time the right man was found. Soon after the coffee-room was opened; a free distribution of coffee was given the first night, to make the opening known. An explanation was given to the people of the reasons for asking them to support it.

'They were told of the simple rules, and Lady Hope's father said to them: "You may come in and out of this place as freely as you go in and out of a public house. You will always be welcome, and we shall wish you to make yourselves quite at home." It seems to me that in the principle expressed in these words being thoroughly carried out lies much of the secret of success.

'The announcement ran as follows:—

'"Hours of admission, from 5 a.m. till 10 p.m. Coffee, tea, cocoa, or any other drink served, except beer, wine, and spirits. Dinners and suppers provided.

'"PRICE LIST.

'"Coffee	1d.	a cup
Tea	1½d.	"
Cocoa	1½d.	"
Bread and butter (2 slices)	1	d.
" " (4 slices)	2	d.
Dinners	8	d.

'"No bad language allowed."

'"No fee for admission."

'Lady Hope had, in fact, undertaken to provide whatever was asked for, with the exception of stimulants. I read with surprise that the men did not wish to smoke, as they said it would spoil the place, while some considered that the food would be nicer without an all-pervading flavor of tobacco-smoke. The workingmen had been asked before the room was started if they thought that one would be popular. All agreed that it would be so. In the first week from fifty to a hundred attended daily. The room was called the Beckenham room; a red lamp was placed on the gate, with the words inscribed on it in white letters.'

In connection with the coffee-room Lady Hope opened classes and meetings, so that not only was a pleasant place provided for rest and refreshment, but everything was done to influence the men in the highest direction. So large was the attendance of men and boys, that at length it became necessary to tell the boys, to their great grief, there was not room for them. 'They said they had nowhere to go. One boy pitifully exclaimed, "Mother don't want me," while some of the others were heard to say they should go to the public-house. It may be believed that Lady Hope felt very sad that night. Next day, a neighbor, a carpenter, who had begun to build a carpenter's shed with brick walls adjoining the coffee-room, having heard the boys clamoring for admission, offered to turn the shed into a boy's coffee-room in a month; in fact, two rooms were provided, an upper and a lower one. In the latter, games, books, and papers were provided; social evenings were sometimes held; and on Saturday evenings many of the men much enjoyed singing hymns. They also occasionally practiced on other days in the week.

'After these rooms had been established a year and a half, the space was found insufficient to accommodate the numbers who flocked to them, and two large rooms were engaged at the Town Hall, where classes, meetings, and singing classes were held.'

We hope the interest of many ladies, especially in villages, will be stirred up to emulate the example thus brought under notice.

The Duchess of Rutland well points out that such coffee-rooms are, as a rule, indirectly the means of saving public expenditure, by preventing certain of the inhabitants from applying for assistance from the parish. But Her Grace's closing remarks must be given in full: —

'If a few books and newspapers and illustrated papers are accessible to the customers, the attractions of the coffee-room are much increased. It must be borne in mind that it takes time for new, or comparatively new, ideas and customs to penetrate. No one likes to be dictated to as to where he or she should go, or what form of refreshment should be taken. Therefore, it is essential that any new place of resort should be made attractive. We all know it is much more agreeable to have a full purse than an empty one, to wake without a headache than with one. If people can see for themselves that pleasant evenings can be spent in cheerful rooms and the society of friends, without the necessity of taking stimulants, after a time it will be quite superfluous to write or talk in favor of places where non-stimulants can be had; for their advantages will be appreciated not only by the bread-winners, but by those dependent upon them. May we each, according to our power, hasten the dawning of that day.'

Correspondence

Burlington, P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Messonger.' We all read it, and like it very much. I tried last December to get enough new subscribers for the 'Messenger,' so as to get a Bagster Bible,' as a premium; but failed. I received the 'Witness,' however, and I thank you very much for it. Papa and I read the 'Witness,' and Papa thinks both the 'Messenger' and 'Witness' good, safe, family reading. The 'Messenger,' explains the Sunday-school lessons very clearly, and, the Temperance Page is instructive to all.

LENA J. E., aged fourteen.

Wales.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl seven years old. I go to school every day. We have a good teacher. His name is Mr. Relyea. I have a little sister, her name is Clara, she commenced to go to school before she was five years old. We take the 'Witness,' and the 'Messenger,' and I like them very much.

MINNIE.

McDonald's Corners.

Dear Editor,—My sister got her knife, and everybody thinks it a beauty. My brother is sending for one, so I thought I would write a letter to you. I will be looking for it in the 'Messenger.'

I will be eight years old on Nov. 17. I wonder if there is any other little boy who reads your paper, whose birthday is on the same day as mine. I am going to school to a new teacher, Miss McGarry. I am in the Part II Book. We have a lot of chickens and ducks, and our colt is getting black. Our apples are ripe, and they are very nice for eating. Please print this verse of mine:

While the days grow into years,
Study, work away,
Bee and bird improve the hours,
So the children may.

WILLIE A.

Strathavon.

Dear Editor,—No person ever wrote to you from Strathavon before, so I hope you will print this letter; as I would like very much to read it in the paper. My mamma takes the 'Messenger,' and I just love the Children's Page. I have just two pets—my papa and my mamma. I have no brothers nor sisters. Mamma and papa went to Toronto to the exhibition this year, and I stayed with my Uncle Neil and Aunt Maggie. I go to school. My teacher's name is Mr. Day. Our minister's name is Mr. Stewart, and we all like him very much. Papa and mamma are Baptists; I think every one should be Baptists. Papa says you can't read this; but I hope you can, so you will print it. Your little friend,

CHARLIE MORGAN, aged six.

Dorset, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have a baby sister, she is five weeks old; my mother and my sister and my brother and the baby have gone down to my uncle's, on a visit for a week, and I am staying with the hired girl. My papa is running the mill. We have ten head of cattle. My pets are two kittens and an old cat; we have a dog. His name is Rock. We have some great times at school; we build play houses, and we bring our dolls to school.

MAGGIE McK, aged nine.

Kinlough.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm in Bruce county, near the small village of Kinlough.

In our village we have three churches, two blacksmith shops, one barber, a pump factory, a general store, a temperance house, a post-office and a school-house.

I go to school, and am in the fourth class. Our teacher's name is Miss Hamlin. I like her very well.

There is a bush at the back of our place, and we go gathering beech nuts now.

I get the 'Northern Messenger,' at the Presbyterian Sunday-school, and enjoy reading the correspondence.

LYDIA MAY, aged nine.

Hamilton, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We receive the 'Messenger' in Sunday-school, and we all enjoy reading it very much.

I have two brothers and five sisters, four of whom go to school. My eldest sister and I attend the collegiate, which is a fine, large building, about two and a half miles from our house.

I am very fond of reading, and I have read many books during the holidays, but I do not have much time for reading on account of my studies.

We have two horses, a cow, some chickens, three cats and a dog, named Scottie.

Hamilton is a beautiful city, situated at the foot of a small, but lovely mountain, from which a very good view of it may be obtained. Hamilton has many fine parks, one of which is Dundurn, a lovely, large park in the west end, which was just lately purchased.

This is the first time I have written to the 'Messenger,' and I am afraid that I have made my letter too long.

LIZZIE M., aged thirteen.

St. David's.

Dear Editor,—It is raining very hard today, so I could not go to school. My little brother, Stanley, and I, go nearly every day. We have a gentleman teacher, he is very kind when we get our lessons up good. We go to the Presbyterian Sunday-school, and we get the 'Northern Messenger.' I enjoy reading the letters in it very much. For pets I have a cat called Timmy, and a dog called Watch. We have a pair of pea-fowl and two little ones. We like to gather the pretty feathers that the peacock drops at harvesting time.

H. L. McK., aged eight.

Deseronto, Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is the first letter I have ever written to the 'Messenger.' My mother takes the 'Messenger,' and I love to read the boys' and girls' letters in it. I have just one brother, his name is Harold. We go to school, and are in the same room; we like our teacher, she is very kind; her name is Miss Elliott. In vacation we went to grandma's for two weeks. She lives a long way from here. We had a nice time. Grandpa has a lot of bees; but they are very cross, and would chase us. We go to Sunday-school every Sunday. We have a large attendance. Our minister is the Rev. Mr. Copeland. I save my 'Messengers,' and send them to my grandma. I have one little cousin living close by; I go to visit her often, her name is Jennie. She is five; and perhaps she will take the 'Messenger' next year. I have two pets, a little kitten and a bird. We call him Dick, he is cross and will fight me when I go near the cage.

WARD V., aged seven.

HOUSEHOLD.

Give the Children an Allowance.

(By Adella Cobb, in 'Christian Work.')

'I can't afford it,' urges the parent in moderate circumstances; yet observation teaches that the average father, even among day laborers, gives his little one not less than ten or twenty cents a month for candy and like trifles. The trouble is that because we give irregularly and often in response to the child's teasing, keeping no account of the same, nor does the child thus treated come to have any right sense of proportion in expenditures—a lesson which the parent should feel in duty bound to impress upon the child while yet under the home roof, and not leave him, out of a bitter experience in later years, to philosophize as did Mr. Micawber: 'Annual income, twenty pounds; annual expenditure, nineteen ought and six; result, happiness. Annual income, twenty pounds; annual expenditure twenty pounds ought and six; result misery.' Nor, is there any difficulty in educating the child along this line, provided a little thought and care is exercised. The writer has in mind a little daughter whose father began when she was six years old to give her an allowance of fifty cents a month, and at the same time gave her a little account book, instructing her to enter on the left side all money expended. On the first of each month he balanced the account for her. The little book, with its crooked and often misspelled words, and with an occasional omission which necessitated the entry 'lost,' presented by no means a perfect specimen of the bookkeeper's art, but gradually she improved, until at the age of eight she needed no assistance in her childish account, though she regularly brought her book to her father on the first of each month for his inspection. From the first she was instructed that she ought to save something—how much was left to herself—and that one-tenth must be given to the church. So well did she carry this out that she never failed of the monthly tenth, and having once saved enough to make a bank deposit, she took pride in adding to it.

Up to this time she had been required to buy nothing for her own needs, but when ten years old her allowance was increased to one dollar, and she was told that she must buy out of it her own hair ribbons and gloves.

This was done because she was inclined to carelessness and extravagance in regard to these articles.

In particular had she teased for kid gloves, which her mother had thought unnecessary for a child of her age, but with the privilege of buying her own she had the choice of kid if she wanted to pay for them, and thus she learned the value of money.

It will be urged by many parents that they have no time for attending to such trifles, but is it a small matter that a child be taught a rightful economy? Experience is worth far more than either precept or example, and the parent has no right to deprive a child of all share in the home economy and then expect him to wisely administer his own affairs upon leaving home.

Not long since the mother of four little children in poor circumstances excused herself from attending church because she couldn't afford to contribute to the support of the minister, nor, she urged, could her children take their pennies regularly to the Sunday-school like other children, and that was one reason why they didn't attend; yet to the writer's knowledge those same children spent from fifty cents to a dollar a month at a near-by confectionery store.

The above instance is by no means rare. Many a parent, careless as to the dimes and nickles, pleads poverty as an excuse for non-support of the Gospel, whereas with little thought and care he will find it easy to make regular contributions and educate his children to do the same.

Take Care of Your Eyes.

Rest is one of the important factors in treating diseased or strained eyes—rest of eyes, rest of body and mind, says 'The Journal of Hygiene.' Avoid also wind, dust and smoke. Personal habits enter into the question of causation of eye disease, and their regulation becomes, therefore, a part of the hygienic treatment. Diet is important, chiefly through its effects upon digestion and general health, which frequently have much to do with the condition of the eyes. The first offence against the eyes is reading with a poor light. This requires the ciliary muscle to do extra work to sharpen sight. It applies to dim lights, twilight, sitting too far from the light. The second offence is one of posture—stooping or lying down congests the eye, besides requiring unnatural work of the eye muscles. Reading in trains is our third offence, the motion causing such frequent changes of focus and position as to tax the muscles of accommodation, as well as the muscles of fixation. Reading without needed glasses or with badly-fitted ones is the last. Eye strain is certainly a factor in producing disease of every part of the eye. Old age is the time of retribution, for those who have sinned against their eyes. Young folks, take splendid care of your eyes, and when you are old you will reap a rich reward.—New York 'Observer.'

Ironing Day Desserts.

(By Ray Morris.)

As we have a fire in the cook stove all the morning on ironing days we have our long-baking puddings that day. Here is my favorite:

Indian Pudding: Make corn meal mush just as you usually do, using say three pints of water. When it has cooked ten minutes add slowly one pint of hot sweet milk, one scant cup of molasses and a teaspoon of butter. Let it cook while you beat two eggs in a large pudding dish. Then pour on the eggs the hot mush, very slowly, stirring well, so the eggs will not curdle. When well mixed, bake in a moderate oven two hours. We like this hot with milk and with butter when cold. Sometimes we have corn pone made by this recipe:

Corn Pone: Three cups corn meal, 1 cup whole wheat flour, 2 cups sour milk, 1 cup sweet milk, 2-3 cup molasses, 1 teaspoon each of salt and soda. The batter should drop from the spoon, so you may need a little more meal or flour. Pour this into a well-greased, deep pudding pan set in another pan of boiling water, put in lid over the pone and bake three hours. The last half hour take off the lid and take out the pan of water and let the pone brown. The water pan must be kept filled. The pone is best hot. Eat with butter.

Bread Custard: Soak 1 pint of fine bread crumbs in a quart of sweet milk half an hour. Then add three well beaten eggs and two-thirds cup of sugar or sweeten to taste; flavor with nutmeg. Bake in deep pudding dish one hour, serve without sauce when cold, or nearly so.—N. E. Homestead.

The 'Witness' is the only paper that reaches my idea of what a paper should be—impartial, just, sincerely seeking to advance whatever is for the nation's or the individual's good. Its bold stand for prohibition, for honesty on the part of politicians, and for civic and national rights, make it well worthy the regard and confidence of every lover of his country. In respect of ability it takes no second place in Canada.'

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South Farmington, N.S.

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